





A GENUINE
C O P Y
OF THE
T R Y A L

OF
THOMAS GRIMES, Esq.
alias LORD S-----,

FOR A

Barbarous and inhuman Rape, committed
on the Body of Miss T. C. P. a young
Girl of Thirteen Years of Age.

ON A

Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer, held
at the Old Court House, now a Bagnio at
Charing-Cross, before the Worshipful Mrs.
Justice Broadbottom, Mrs. Justice Firebrand,
and Mrs. Baron Rigglerump.

To which is annex'd,

The Ordinary's Account of the Criminal's Behaviour
before his Condemnation, and at the Place of Exe-
cution; with his genuine last Speech, Dying
Words and Confession, delivered to the Sheriff be-
fore he was to have been turn'd off.

Extracted from the Records of the Tower of London.
By a Member of the Society of ANTIQUARIANS.

L O N D O N.

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and E. PEN, near St. Paul's. (Price One Shilling.) 1748.

Harvard College Library
Wells Fund
May 28, 1943

THE
DEDICATION.

TO THE

*Cbaste, compassionate, and tender
hearted Ladies of Great Britain,
this Tryal is humbly dedicated.*

LADIES,

AS I am a passionate Admirer of the Fair Sex in general, and of the Ladies of *Great Britain* in particular, I have spent most of my Time in searching into the Records of Antiquity, and the deep Recesses of ancient Learning, to find out, if possible, any thing that might in the least contribute to advance the Honour and Glory of the fairest Part of the Creation. I have been successful in many Things, and by many Inventions have added fresh Charms to

The DEDICATION.

decay'd Beauty, and Symetry and Proportion to irregular Shapes. To me, you are indebted for several valuable Washes, Cosmetics, and other Preservatives of the Features. I was the first who gave the Hint for Steel Stays, and other the like useful Machines; for which I have been honoured with a Fellowship in the Antiquarian and Royal Societies. But I have now found out a Secret, (for which I hope I modestly may expect the Tribute of universal Thanks from the Sex in general) for convincing the World, by undeniable Record, that the Ladies of *Great Britain* formerly had a Right, which I don't find they have as yet formally relinquished, of filling the Seats of Judicature in this Kingdom, passing upon Juries of Life and Death, and doing every other judicial Act which the Male Part of the Species now pretend a Sole Right to exercise.

The following Tryal is an Instance that you have been in Possession of that valuable and natural Priviledge, of trying such Crimes, as particularly affect the Sex, and I think its incumbent on those who dispute your present Right, to show by what Law, or voluntary Concession of your own, you have debarred yourselves from the same Priviledge at this Day.

I found

The DEDICATION.

I found the Record of this Tryal amongst a great deal of old Lumber, buried in a Corner, under a heap of Cobwebs and Dust; but how long it had laid there, or in what King's Reign the Tryal might have happened, I am at a loss to Guess, but doubt not, but so soon as my industrious Brethren of *Crane-Court*, have spent some Years of their valuable Time, in comparing this Record with other historical Fragments in their Possession, and judging of it by the unerring Laws of Glossary and Criticism, but every dark Point relating to this important Discovery, will be made perfectly plain, and such Conclusions drawn from the Whole, as may serve to establish my honour'd Country Women in the peaceable Enjoyment of their antient Juridical Privileges, from which they have been so long debarred by the Tyrannical Usurpation of the bearded Part of this Nation.

In the same Corner, and bound up with this Record, I found two or three other Tryals before Female Judges and Juries, but I think this sufficient, at present, to awaken your Attention, and incite you to look after your long neglected Prerogative; but, if I find after this, that the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex* neglect to return upon

The DEDICATION.

every Pannel as many Women as Men, I promise to open my Budget of Evidences, and produce so many Instances in Point, as shall oblige the Male Judges to do you Justice: In the mean time, this is sufficient to awaken your dormant Claim, and show by the Equity of the Sentence, that you are as capable of judging in such Cases as any of the Men are.

That you may recover your antient Rights and Priviledges, and for ever maintain your natural Sovereignty over every thing in Breeches, is the sincere Prayer of

LADIES,

Your most devoted,

most obedient, and

London, May
1, 1748.

most humble Servant,

The Editor.

T H E

THE
T R Y A L
O F

THOMAS GRIMES, Esq.
alias Lord S----, &c.

J U D G E S P R E S E N T .

The Worshipful Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom*,
Mrs. Justice *Firebrand*,
Mrs. Baron *Rigglerump*.

THE Judges being solemnly seated on the Bench, in their Formalities of long Robes, Caps and Coifs, and the Prisoner brought to the Bar, his Majesty's special Commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, directed to the worshipful Judges above-named, was read with great Gravity by Mrs. *Scribble Scrawl*, Clerk

of the Crown. Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom* open'd the Court with a learned Speech address'd to the Judges, and the Lawyers at the Bar, explaining the Nature of the Commission, the Extent of Power communicated by it to the August Court, the Use proper to be made of such Power, and concluded with an Exhortation to the said Council at the Bar, to discharge their Trust with Justice to his Majesty and the Subject, and to manage their Debates with a Freedom becoming Free-born Subjects, but with all the Devoir to the Court, and Decency to one another, which the Dignity of the Bench, and the Honour of their Profession required; and both Parties being ready, ordered Mrs. *Sarah Squeek*, Cryer of the Court, to make a Proclamation.

Cryer of the Court. O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! let no Person or Persons trouble, molest or disturb the Court, under Pain of Imprisonment and his Highness's Displeasure.

Clerk of the Crown. Gentlewomen of the Jury answer to your Names.

Mrs. *Rebecca Rednose*, (Forewoman of the Jury) Here.

Mrs. *Jane Ginbottle*, Here.

Mrs. *Dorothy Diddle*, Here.

Mrs. *Prudence Prim*, Here.

Mrs. *Frances Frizzle*, Here.

Mrs. *Grace Gadabout*, Here.

Mrs. *Tomazin Trapes*, Here.

Mrs. *Susannah Stiffcrump*, Here.

Mrs.

Mrs. Catherine Crumblecake, Here.

Mrs. Diana Draggletail, Here.

Mrs. Dinah Dandlepin, Here.

Mrs. Mary Muckinder, Here.

Clerk of the Crown. You that have answered to your Names lay hold on the Book. You solemnly promise and swear to do Justice between our Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at the Bar, in all Matters that shall be given in Evidence before you, and a true and impartial Verdict return thereon. *All answer we Swear.* *Clerk of the Crown.* So help you God, kiss the Book.

Clerk of the Crown. Mr. Jailor bring forward your Prisoner to the Bar. *Thomas Grimes*, hold up your Hand.

Mrs. Counsellor Squabble. I have the Honour to be appointed by the Court, Council for the Prisoner at the Bar, therefore I humbly beg leave to move to the Honourable Court, that they would be pleased to order the Irons to be knock'd off the Prisoner before he be obliged to plead. I hope the learned Judges, when they consider the high Quality of the Prisoner, the noble Blood which runs in his Veins, the Honour of his living Friends, the Glory of his renowned Ancestors, and above all, his own personal Worth and Merit. I say, Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom*, when you have weigh'd all these in the impartial Scales of Justice and Prudence, you will not treat him like an ordinary Criminal, and oblige so great a Personage to stand before

before you Hand-cuff'd and pinion'd, chain'd and fetter'd, like a Highwayman or a Robber ; besides, as my Lord *Coke* says, every Man must be free when he pleads : therefore I move that the Irons may be knock'd off before we proceed farther.

Mrs. Serjeant *Nimble-Tongue*. May it please your Worship *, Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom*, my Sister *Squabble* forgot that Justice is always painted blind, alluding to that Maxim, that no Distinction of Person, no Favour on Account of Birth or extraneous Circumstances, should influence the Judges in the Determination of Right Wrong. We all know the illustrious Pedigree of the Prisoner at the Bar ; we are sorry that he has swerved from the Steps of his Forefathers, and brought a Blot upon the unsullied Honours of his House ; but what has that to do with the Business in Hand, which is to prove, that he is chargeable with Crimes of a deeper Dye, than those of common Felony, or Highway-Robbery : Housebreaking, or Pocket-picking, Madam, are Acts of a nobler, a more generous Nature, than what this illustrious Person, this Man of Merit, and what not, is charged with. These are Crimes which can admit of Mitigation, often merit Compassion, and may be thought of without Horror ; but what Nation of Barbarians ever tolerated a Ravisher, or treated him with Distinction ? What Man, endued with the least Spark

* The Use of the antient Title *Worship*, in this Tryal, sufficiently proves its Antiquity ; for it would be absurd to suppose it could possibly be used in so polite an Assembly of Ladies, in this, or any very modern Age.

of Humanity, can think of so monstrous a Crime, without Abhorrence of the Author? It is not, my Lady, the illustrious Lord S——, the high born, the nobly descended Mr. *Grimes*, you see handcuffed and fettered before you; it is not the wife, meritorious, generous Gentleman, my Sister *Squabble* has described, that you see loaded with ignominious Irons, but a cruel, barbarous, and inhuman Ravisher. Its not his Pedigree, his Family, we impeach, its the detested Crime of Seduction and Ravishment, aggravated by all the Circumstances that can blacken Vice, and by none so much as by the Rank and supposed good Sense of the Criminal. If it was possible, Madam, to separate the Crime from his Person, we should gladly do it; but publick Justice, the Peace of Society, the Preservation of Religion and Sobriety, call aloud for Vengeance on the Person, who can betray the Innocent, and to satiate an unnatural Appetite, can wanton in the Ruin of Infants, and take a monstrous Pleasure in the Cries and convulsive Agonies of budding Beauty.

As to what my Sister has alledged from the learned *Coke*, I have only to observe, that he wrote of the Manners and Customs of the Male Courts, by which this Bench is not bound; and, in my Opinion, it would be letting loose a Wolf among Lambs, a Tyger amongst helpless Children, to unchain a Prisoner charged with such atrocious Crimes, in a Court where none but Women are present.

Court.

Court. What Mrs. Serjeant *Nimble-tongue* has learnedly urged, might be a sufficient Answer to Mrs. *Squabble*; but though we are all Women, yet as he is but one, we are not afraid of him, though he were more terrible than he is; and if it can be any Advantage to the Prisoner in his Tryal to have his Irons knocked off, we'll permit it to be done.

Here the Prisoner's Irons were knocked off in Court.

Clerk of the Court. *Thomas Grimes*, hold up your Hand. *Thomas Grimes*, you stand indicted at the Suit of our Sovereign Lord the King, by the Name of *Thomas Grimes*, of the Parish of _____ in the County of *Middlesex*, Esq; alias *Thomas Lord S—*, for that you *T. G.* alias *Lord S—* of the Parish and County aforesaid, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, but being wickedly instigated thereto by the Devil, in open Defiance of all Laws, Human and Divine, and in direct Violation and Breach of his Majesty's Peace, and contrary to the Honour of his Crown and Dignity, did, wilfully, maliciously, and wickedly, on the _____ Day of _____ in the Year of our Lord _____ or on one or other of the Days of the aforesaid Month and Year, seduce, decoy and betray, Mrs. *T. C. P.* from her Father's House, to a Room, Chamber, or other Apartment, then occupied by you, in a certain Place called *Scotland-Yard*, in the County of *Middlesex* aforesaid; and there, having wilfully, maliciously, and wickedly made the

the said *T. C. P.*, flustered with a certain Liquor called *Barbadoes Water*, did lay violent Hands upon her the said *T. C. P.* by seizing her when sitting on a Chair, and holding both her Hands behind the said Chair with one of your Hands; and that you the said *T. G.* did then and there, having her so held fast, with a certain Instrument made of Iron and Steel, called a Penknife, cut the Lacings of her Stays, and Part of her Skin, through her Shift; and having torn off her Stays, and the rest of the said *T. C. P.* her Cloaths, did forcibly carry her to a Bed, and by main Force and Violence did enter her Body, and had carnal Knowledge thereof, against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord, &c. This is your Indictment, what say you; are you guilty, or not guilty?

Thomas Grimes. Not guilty.

Clerk of the Court. By whom will you be tried?

Prisoner. By G—d and my Country.

Clerk of the Crown. G—d send you a good Delivery.

Mrs. Serjeant Flippant. *Mrs. Justice Broadbottom*, we that have the Honour to appear this Day as Council for the Crown, need not take up the Time of the Court in opening the Nature of the Crime with which the Prisoner at the Bar is charged, nor use much Art to raise the Passions, or fix the Attention of the Bench, or Jury:

ry : The simple Recital of the Facts as laid in the Indictment, though in the plainest Form, is sufficient to prepare you for the Evidence we are to adduce. The Prisoner is chargeable with one of the greatest Outrages upon human Society, and his Crime is aggravated with every Circumstance, that can create Pity, Sympathy, or Compassion towards the Prosecutor, or raise Horror and Resentment against the Criminal. Your Ladyships will hear from the Evidence adduced in Behalf of the Crown, how the Prisoner at the Bar, regardless of Honour, Nature, or Humanity, laid a Scheme, first to seduce a young Lady of an honourable Family, from the Advice and Protection of Parents, Friends, and Relations ; how he used all the Arts of Cunning, Flattery, and Deceit to induce her to fly from her Father, and place herself under his Protection ; you will hear from certain Evidence, the base Design he had in View in thus seducing her to his Power, when he had obtained it ; but I refrain anticipating what you must conceive more fully from the Mouth of suffering Innocence, from the Lips of injured ravished Beauty. Make Room for the Evidence Mrs. T. C. P. to come upon the Table, view her, hear her, and cease to be moved with her Anguish, if you can.

Court. Mrs. T. C. P. take Courage, Madam, you are before a Bench and Jury of *English* Women, who are sensible of the Injuries done our Sex ; speak the Truth boldly, and expect impartial Justice ; spare your Blushes and Confusion ; the Innocent, however injured, have
no

no Cause of Shame, its the Lot of the wicked, the Punishment of the Guilty, which your Youth and Appearance makes us hope are far from your Lot.—— Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*, what have you to ask this Evidence?

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. Madam, you'll be pleased to look upon the Prisoner at the Bar, and inform the honourable Court and Jury, what has passed betwixt you and the Prisoner since your first Knowledge of him.

Court. Be as brief and distinct as you can, Madam.

Evidence. May it please your Worships, I first saw the Prisoner, Mr. *Grimes*, at a House in *Scotland-Yard*, where I used to visit an Acquaintance of my Mamma's. It was on the Stairs I first spoke to him, when he talked of Love, and a deal of Stuff, which I very little understood. His Man *James* dogged me to where I lodged, and then I was daily pestered with Letters on the same Subject; and sometimes he used himself to meet me on the Stairs, and put Letters down my Back, or into my Bosom. At last the Maid of the House, by Accident, overheard one of our Conversations, which she discovered to her Mistress, and she to the Gentlewoman whom I visited, who taxed me with the Affair, and made me, which I was not before, acquainted with the Baseness of his Designs, and the dangerous Consequence of permitting a Correspondence of that Nature. She likewise informed my Father of it, who took me Home to
his

his House, to be out of the Way of his Importunities ; but even then, he followed me with his Solicitations, and never left perswading me, by one Artifice or other, till he prevailed on me to leave my Father's House and go and lodge at a House, where Apartments were taken for me by one of his Instruments, an old Woman who had access to my Father's House. I staid there some time, deluded with Promises of being made a fine Lady, and having rich Cloaths, Jewels and Servants ; at last I went, at his Invitation, to his Apartments in *Scotland-Yard*, to see some Rejoicings from his Windows where he made me drink, instead of Wine, some *Barbadoes* Water, and attempted to make me fuddled : Then, after much Argument on both Sides, he plainly told me I must be his Bedfellow that Night ; I opposed such a Proposal with all the Warmth and Resolution in my Power, but in vain ; he locked the Chamber Door, and I must not stir : At last, when Arguments Promises, or Flattery, would not prevail, he had Recourse to Force ; and as I was sitting on a Chair, came behind me, forced my Hands behind the Back of it, and held them both with one Hand, while with the other he cut the Lacings of my Stays with a Penknife, and cut my Skin in the Hurry : He next tore off all the rest of my Cloaths, and without any Regard to Tears, Entreaties, Cries, Shrieks, &c. forced me on the Bed.

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. What did he there ?

Evidence.

Evidence. He threw himself, all loose and unbutton'd, on my Body, and placed himself betwen my Legs, where——

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. He did what? Come speak out plain, this is not a Time to make two Bites of a Cherry. The Court must be inform'd of every particular Circumstance: Tho' they may guess what they please, yet the Law directs, that the Jury presume nothing but what they hear distinctly.

Evidence. He tore my Flesh and made it Bleed.

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. Made what Bleed? And with what did he enter your Body? Did he
* * * * * or not?

Evidence. He did? * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
and in short ruined me; kept me for two or three Months, and then left me, when he went to *Portugal*, a Prey to Want, Infamy and Misery.

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. We have done with this Evidence, she may go off, unless the Prisoner has a Mind to cross examine her.

* Here the Evidence was too explicite for my Readers, who are left to guess at what she said, though the Jury could not, or at least ought not.

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Prisoner.

Prisoner. I think it Needless; she is too much prepossess'd against me to say any thing to mitigate her Evidence, and has too much Wit to be caught in Prevarication.

Mrs. Serjeant Flippant. We have here, my Lord, some of those Letters mention'd in Mrs. P——'s Evidence, under the Prisoner's own Hand; I hope the Court will be pleas'd to allow them to be read, as they serve to prove the Seduction, and the flattering Promise of Marriage, Settlement and Grandeur, with which he prevail'd on the young Creature to renounce her Kindred and Relations, and to put herself under the Protection of the Ravisher.

Mrs. Counsellor Squabble. As this, may it please your Ladyships, is a Point of Law, I hope the Court will permit me to be heard as to the Motion now made by Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. I think Madam, it's hard that any Letters should be produced in Evidence, unless there were some other Evidence besides the Prosecutor, to prove that they are of the Hand-writing of the Traverfer of this Indictment. Letters, it's true, she has mention'd in her Evidence to have received as from the Prisoner; but I think she has not said positively they were writ by him; nor has her Council shewn that the Letters he has now in his Hand are any of those mention'd by the Prosecutor to have been put down her Back or Bosom by the Traverfer. As it is possible, for any thing yet appearing to the Court, that those Letters, tho' bearing the Traverfer's Name, may have been writ by somebody

body else, and so can have no Connection with the Matter laid in the Indictment, especially in a Capital Case ; therefore I hope the Court will not permit them to be read.

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. Tho' I might justly insist upon those Letters in my Hand being read, without producing any other Evidence of their Verity, than the Evidence already given the Court, yet I am inclinable to humour my Sister *Squabble* ; and not to detain the Court with a needless Argument, we shall call another Witness to the Verity of those Letters, and such a one as the Traverser can have no Objection to, tho' his Testimony can redound nothing to the Advantage of the Prisoner : We would have rested our Evidence on that of the Prosecutor, but since the Traverser's Council inclines to open the dark Scene more fully, she shall have her Belly full of it. Call *James*.—*James comes upon the Table and is sworn.—And is desired by the Court to acquaint them what he knew of the Matter in Issue.*

James. I was, may it please your Ladyships, Servant to Mr. *Grimes* when he first saw this young Lady, and I was the Cause of his knowing any thing of her ; for which I hope God, she, and this Honourable Court may forgive me.

Court. The Crime, so far as you were concerned in it, is not cognizable by us, but the only Hopes you can have of Forgiveness, either here, or hereafter, is by telling the Truth simply

ply, without Fear or Favour to either Party, which is the only Reparation you can make for what has been amiss in your Conduct in this Affair.—Go on with your Evidence.

James. I shall Madam. My Master and I then lodged at a House in *Scotland-Yard*, and the Prosecutor used to come pretty often to visit a Lady who lived next Room to my Master. I seeing her come in and out, and judging she would please his Taste, for he used to employ me to seek out for Girls of her Years for his Pleasure ; I got him many, and was always well rewarded by his Honour for my Trouble, which made me very careful to oblige him. I told him I had seen such a young Creature, so beautiful, and so fit for his Purpose in every Respect, for I knew to a Hair what would fit him in that Way, as well as if I had taken Measure of his Foot for a Shoe, which he loved mighty tight : He was inflamed by my Description, and in Raptures when he saw her, which I gave him an Opportunity of doing, by watching when she was coming or going down Stairs, and then, by his Order, dogged her to where she lived, and where I delivered her several Letters which I saw him write ; and in short, never left persecuting her with Letters and Messages, till I perswaded her to leave her Father's House, to which she had gone, on the Affair's being discovered at our House. I afterwards prevailed on her, by my Master's Direction, to consent to come to see the Rejoicings at his Apartment, where I prepared the Entertainment, and left them together till next Morning, getting out of the
Way

Way as fast as I could, as I knew that my Master's Affair did not require Witnesses.

Mrs. Serjeant. *Flippant*. Do you know your Master's Hand-writing, are these Letters of his Writing?

James. These are all his own Hand-writing, and that one in particular, I can swear to be delivered by my own Hand, and I think I can say as much of all the rest.

Mrs. Serjeant *Flippant*. I hope we may read the Letters now without Opposition. Here some Letters were read, and the Council for the Crown concluded their Evidence.

Court. Mr. *Grimes* have you any Evidence to produce on your own Behalf? now is the Time if you have.

Prisoner. I have called none; it signifies nothing; I see a cry is rais'd against me, and its to no Purpose to attempt to stem the Torrent of Prejudice; but I hope that neither your Ladyships or the Jury believe one Word the young Syren has said.

Mrs. Serjeant *Slamekin*. May it please the Honourable Court, and you Gentlewomen of the Jury, the Prisoner at the Bar, hopes you don't believe one Word that has been given in Evidence against him; I believe he hopes so indeed; but his Hope is like that of the Hypocrite, it perisheth. It was Hope, vain delusive

Hope, which dragg'd him from one Step to another of this horrid Crime, till it has brought him to this Bar. He hoped first that he should be able to seduce her by Flattery and delusive Dreams of promised Grandeur, to consent willingly to gratify his unsatiable and unnatural Lust; but in that he was deceived; he was obliged to have Recourse to Force, and hoped that Force, that cruel and unnatural Violence his lawless Appetite prompted him to use, would have been concealed; in that too he has been deceived, it's as publick as the Voice of Fame can make it. He hoped too, that the innocent helpless Sufferer durst not complain; that the Greatness of his Rank, the Eclat of his Birth and Title would deter all Mankind from exposing or resenting the Cause of ravished Beauty; in this too his Hopes have been deceived. Innocence inspired the fair Victim with Courage, and Justice has procured her Friends to support her against the Force of Fraud, Violence and Oppression, back'd with Power, Pomp and Titles. He hoped too the Affair would appear so improbable to the bulk of Mankind, who expected better Things from a Man of his Rank, Wisdom and Prudence, that none would believe it, and consequently, that the Grand Jury would throw out the Bill; but in this he has been likewise miserably deceived. The Force of ineffable Truth appeared so strong, so glaring, that if all *England* had composed the Grand Jury, surely there could not have been found a single Negative in the whole Assembly. He has carry'd his Hopes even to this Bar, and shelters himself in the vain Opinion that Incredulity in
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the plainest Truths must possess the learned Bench, and that the Jury must shut their Eyes, and give a Verdict contrary to the Evidence of all their Senses ; in that I hope he may likewise be deceived ; and then let him carry his Hopes to the fatal Tree ; where I wish the Hope of an happy hereafter may make his Exit calm, and speak Peace to his despairing Soul. In that I hope he may not be disappointed, but in every other Hope on this Side the Grave, surely without any Breach of Charity, I may wish him frustrated. In the mean time it's my Business, Gentlemen of the Jury, to convince you, that such Evidence has been given in Behalf of the Crown, as is sufficient in Law to determine you to give a Verdict against the Prisoner.

The Crime, my Ladies, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, laid in the Indictment, and open'd by the Council for the Crown, is the Crime of Seduction and Ravishment, which all Human Societies from the earliest Ages of the World, and even in Periods wherein Mankind were most overwhelmed with Vice and Immorality, has been branded as the most Atrocious. The Law of God, made the deflow'ring a Virgin, tho' with her own Consent, Capital ; and how much more ought it to be deemed so, when the Virgin deflowered was scarce capable of giving a Consent, and when the Crime was perpetrated by unnatural Violence. The Civilians all over *Europe*, punish Seduction by Promises and Flattery, capitally ; where the Maid is of honest Reputation, and was under the Guardianship of her Relations, unless Reparation

is made by Marriage : But with how much more Severity ought this Crime to be punish'd, which includes in it not only simple Seduction of a Maid of reputable Character and Family, but that the Seduction, base and barbarous in itself, is followed by an unnatural Rape upon the Body of an Infant : Other Countries have Racks, Wheels, Engines, and various Tortures to heighten Misery, prolong Anguish, and Proportion the Punishment to the Nature of the Crimes ; but such is the happy Lenity of this Constitution, that Death in the easiest Manner is the highest Punishment we can inflict. But what Comparison is there between Death and a Rape ? What Proportion does Hanging bear to the horrid Crime you have seen proved before you ? The Criminal dies, but he dies in a Moment and his Pain ceases ; but the Anguish of suffering Innocence was of a longer Date, and Preys upon the young Victim to the latest Day of her Life. The dismal Thought of lost Honour, tarnish'd Reputation, the Taunts, the Scoffs of the malicious World, must remain with her while she lives, and long after the Criminal is rotten in his Grave ; can you then, Gentlemen of the Jury, permit one Spark of Pity to take Place in your Breasts, for the slow Murderer of so much Youth, Innocence and Beauty ? Can you hesitate one Moment to pronounce *him* Guilty, against *whom* the Evidence is so clear, that no Truth can be plainer, and without any Circumstances occurring in the whole Course of the Tryal that can give you the least favourable Idea of the Man or his Intentions.

Had

Had he, Gentlewomen of the Jury, been hurried to it by a sudden Fit of ungovernable Passion, had he perpetrated the horrid Deed when in Liquor, there would have been some Room to have pity'd his Rashness: But you hear, by the Evidence, that this Hellish Action was premeditated, a deliberate, settled Act of the Mind, which argues the Man naturally vicious, and all his Morals tainted with the grossest Lusts. The Thing was contrived and concerted between him and his Pimp, the Purveyor of his Pleasures; and the Victim mark'd out some Months before they could bring their Engines to play; they sat in solemn Council to hatch Means, lay Plots and contrive Stratagems to bring her to their Lure. And even when they had prevailed so far as to make her quit her Father's kindly Roof, they take farther Time to deliberate, before they bring the Tragedy to the fatal Catastrophe, all which argues natural Proneness to Wickedness, and the most consummate premeditated Malice, which is the chief Ingredient in any Crime whatever, and when so clearly proved, as in this Case, never fails to aggravate the Offence.

Had the Victim of his unnatural Desires been a Woman grown, Mature in Person, Ripe in Judgment and experienced in the World, the Crime then would not have been so monstrous; the Action would at least have had a natural Appetite to have urg'd in its Excuse; but his Lust after Infant Beauty, which you have heard to have been his Taste, has something inhuman
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in it something really Brutish : It shows a Disposition to lust after something undistinguished by Sex ; for I think an unripe Girl may properly enough, with respect to the Act of Love, be said to be of no Sex, at least a Sex without Name among Mankind ; and the Lust after such, but a few Degrees removed from that unnatural Appetite which I dare not mention in so chaste an Assembly. It argues, Madam, an Aversion to Women in general, and supposes them incapable of gratifying a Man who is inclinable to find out new Ways of Love, and revel only where no Man else but himself possibly can ; and like a certain Poet of Wanton Memory, would make a —— where there was none before.

I have hitherto, Ladies, argued from Principles of Virtue, Law, Religion and Morality ; Principles which I'm afraid neither the Prisoner at the Bar, nor many of his Rank are much actuated by in their Pursuit of Pleasure ; but were I to argue from worldly Topics, and draw Conclusions from their own Notions of Things, still the Crime, especially to this Assembly, must appear unpardonable. I have hitherto supposed her Scheme of future Life to be purely Chaste, which his Proceeding has quite disconcerted ; but suppose she had proposed to herself, what is no uncommon Thing, and in this Age not very reproachful, to have brought her rare Stock of blooming Beauty to Market, in order from the Sale of that invisible Treasure, a Ripe Maidenhead, to have made her Fortune. No doubt, Ladies, you must all be of Opinion she would
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have found many that would have been ready to jump at and purchase so valuable a Commodity, almost at any Price. Thousands of young Ladies in this Metropolis, ride in their Coaches, keep their Footmen, and every other Appurtenance belonging to a Person of Quality, who have had no other Stock to begin with, no other Fortune to allure the rich, the gay, the great, but Youth, Beauty, and a ripe Maidenhead. It must be owned Mrs. T. C. P. had as much of the two first as any Woman in *England* in her Time, but the Prisoner at the Bar destroyed the Flower in its Blossom, nipped the Fruit before it could taste of any Thing but the Tree, and spoiled her Market for ever after: For we all know, the Humour of the Gentlemen of the Age is so much set upon Virginity, that they give high Prices for fictitious ones, and cannot be induced to give any Thing considerable for a Commodity which has been used by another, though never so little the worse for the wearing. Now as it is impossible for him to restore even the Reputation of a Maidenhead to the Prosecutor, it is plain he has robbed her of the best Fortune she had, and ruined a very rational Scheme of Life, by which she might have lived very comfortably for a great many Years, to the great Benefit of the young Gentlemen of this Generation.

But there is another Argument still behind, which affects a certain Class of People who are very useful Members of Society, and great Promoters of several Branches of the Trade and Manufacture of his Majesty's Dominions, I mean the
Ladies

Ladies of Pleasure, who are up late and early, and spend all their Time in promoting the important Business of Pleasure; and, on their Account, I hope the Gentlemen of the Jury will find the Prisoner guilty, and not allow, to go unpunished, a Person who has acted so much contrary to the Interest of so large a Part of their Sex. For if this Taste for green Girls, this Itch after unripe Maidenheads, should take Place amongst the Beau Monde, what would become of their Trade. Now and then, indeed, a cunning old Woman can new vamp, and rig out an old Affair, with all the Signs and Symptoms of a new unrifled Commodity: With this the Customer may be pleased, and the Nymph enabled to bring her Maidenhead to Market, perhaps half a Dozen Times in a Winter, and by that Means pay off her Tally Woman, Chamber Rent, and Surgeon's Bill; but if the Taste runs upon green Fruit, upon meer Babbies of twelve or thirteen Years of Age, there is no counterfeiting there, and half the Ladies of the Town must starve; besides the Island would not be able to produce half the Virgins of that Age the Town would want: From whence would follow an universal Decay of Trade, the Mercers must shut up their Shops, the Tally-Women go a begging, and all the Surgeons in and about Town, turn Corn Cutters or Tooth-drawers for a Livelihood. Consider this maturely, weigh, Ladies, the particular Disadvantage to that numerous Class of People, the Ladies of Pleasure and their Dependants, and the dismal Calamity which must fall on many Thousands of his Majesty's liege Subjects, on their Destruction, to which the letting such Criminals

nals as the Prisoner go unpunished, must have a great Tendency : But there is another Class affected by his Crime, whom I had almost forgot, against whom he has sinned egregiously ; I mean the Love-Brokers, commonly known amongst the Vulgar, by the Name of Bawds. You see here, he dealt in Love in a clandestine Manner ; the fair Trader would have used a Broker, and there would have been Commission Money, and several other useful Perquisites and Emoluments arising from the Sale of so good a Bargain. But he has cheated the Trade of all this, and, contrary to all Rule, employed his rascally Valet as his Pimp, without the Consent or Assistance of a licensed Broker. If this too should become a Fashion, how many honest industrious good Women, worn out in the Service of the Publick, must turn out on the Parish, or be obliged to Mill-Doll in their Buffs for Stripes and Bread and Water ? It would grieve my Heart, to see so many industrious Creatures turned a Grazing in their old Age, which must be the Case, if Gentlemen pretend to be their own Caterers, or employ their greasy Footmen in a Branch of Business, they have no legal Right to intermeddle in.

Had ripe blooming Beauty warm'd his Heart,
 he might have found Friends even in this Assembly,
 who would have forgiven the Violence, and
 pardoned him for ravishing a Bliss to himself,
 when he communicated some to them : But in
 this Case, the Victim he pitched upon to gratify
 his lawless Lust, was not only passive and insensible
 of the Joy, but while he, Brute-like, revelled
 in luscious Delight, felt all the Anguish,
 Pain

Pain and Torture, which a Rack could give : How much of the Demon must possess that Man, that could take Pleasure in tearing and rending the tender Limbs of so much Beauty ? See her Clothes torn, her Hair dishevelled, her Limbs distorted in the painful Struggle, her Flesh lacerated, her Parts mangled, and the purple Gore streaming from the Center of Joy. Hear her Groans, her Cries, her Shrieks, her Prayers and Intreaties ; hear awful Heaven invocated for the Sake of Virtue, Modesty and Honour ; see, and hear, I say, all this, and the Monster still pursuing his detestable Purpose, regardless of Humanity, of Hell or Heaven ; suppose the base Fact perpetrated, once and again repeated ; see him after all, leave this Wretch, of his own making, a Prey to Want, Infamy, and Despair, and pronounce him not guilty, if you can.

Court. Mr. Grimes, the Council for the Crown seem to have made an End, now is your Time to make your Remarks upon the Evidence which has been offered against you, or any other Defence which may occur to you : You may depend, Sir, upon a patient Hearing.

Prisoner. May it please the Honourable Court, I am not accustomed to the Forms of Law, and much less capable of holding Arguments with so many Women, who I see are all determined to run me down. The Lady who spoke last, has said enough to inflame twenty Jury Boxes ; she spoke so fast, and with so much Passion, that its impossible for me to overtake her ; but I hope the Jury will only be moved

moved by Facts, and not allow their Understandings to be biaſſed by pathetick Harangues, and the Flowers of Female Rhetorick, with which they are on all Occaſions wonderfully ſupplied, but much more abundantly when Miſchief and Revenge are going forward. I hope the Gentlewomen of the Jury will be pleaſed to make a Diſtinction, between a ſimple Act of Fornication, and a Rape, and not condemn me for the laſt, when I am conſcious only of the firſt. It's true, the Proſecutrix may have made ſome wry Faces, ſome Piſhes and Pfhaws, and ſie, Sir, you hurt me, and the like, as you all know is common in ſuch Caſes : But, upon my Honour, I never intended a Rape, and therefore I hope the Jury will acquit me, or at leaſt permit me to make ſome pecuniary Reparation for a Wrong ſhe has found Means to exaggerate into ſuch odious Colours.

Mrs. Juſtice Broadbottom, now adjusts her Coif, takes a Pinch of Snuff, pauses awhile, ſets her Robes decently, makes a low Bow to the Bench, the Bar, and the Jury, and delivers her CHARGE to the following Effect.

Gentlewomen of the Jury. You have heard the Cauſe fully opened by the learned Council for the Crown, and the Nature and Circumſtances of the Crime very amply diſplayed in ſumming up the Evidence, ſo that I have very little Occaſion to trouble you, or take up your Time, with what you are already very well acquainted with. I am only to obſerve to you, that every Fact laid in the Indictment is fully proved. The firſt
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of these Facts is the seducing the Prosecutrix from her Father's House ; that, you have heard proved by herself, as Evidence for the Crown, and by *James*, the Prisoner's Servant, (who it seems was Master of the Ceremonies in the conducting and managing this Affair) and by Letters likewise proved to be written by his own Hand, and delivered by his Orders. The next material Fact is, the Rape which followed upon this Seduction. The Evidence, *James*, leads you to the Apartment, prepares the Entertainment, and like a well bred Man, who knows his Cue, leaves the Parties to fill up the Remainder of the Scene by themselves. That last Part, with a great many base and aggravating Circumstances, you have circumstantially related by herself, who in this Case is a good Witness, and the only Witness capable of resolving some Questions which the Law deem necessary on such Tryals. To these she has given you, full, explicate, and satisfactory Answers, which for obvious Reasons I chuse not to repeat, since they relate to Circumstances too apt to dwell upon the Memory to be soon forgot. And to conclude the Matter, they have brought Proof, that after he had thus basely violated her Chastity, he had the Inhumanity to leave her to Distress and Want, without making the least Provision for her, tho' his Circumstances might very well afford it. This last Article can scarce have any other Weight with you, than to convince you that he deserves no Mercy ; of the same Nature is the Circumstance of her tender Age. She is indeed very young, but then she is confessedly some Months past the Age at which the Law supposes her capable

capable of giving a Consent: Had she fallen into his Hands within that Term, I believe it's pretty evident he would have used her in the same Way, since a few Months could add vteyltrehoeit making her more a Woman than she was before: But in that Case, whether she gave Consent or not, the Law would presume all carnal Knowledge of her to be a Rape, which it does not now she is turned of twelve. However as it has been proved, that he had such Knowledge of her Body without her Consent, I think if you credit her Evidence, and that of the Pimp *James*, you must bring in your Verdict, Guilty.

And it's my Opinion further, that you cannot doubt of the Facts; that you must believe them, and ought to resent them, not only on the Account of the Prosecutor's particular Interest, but as he has injured a great Part of the Sex. Is it not monstrous that a promising young Gentleman should indulge and bend all his Endeavours to gratify an unnatural Appetite for a pouting Baby, (as Girls do for Chalk, Cinders, or Oatmeal) when there are so many proper, ripe, willing Women, ready to answer their Call on all Occasions; had he been in some desolate Island, in some desert Corner of the Earth, where no Women could be found, he might have been somewhat excused for catching at the first Thing that bore any Resemblance to the Sex. But that here, in this Capital, this great Emporium of Pleasure, where every Lane, every Alley, every Street and Corner, could supply him with Food enough to satisfy the most voracious Appetite, what Excuse can be

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made

made for him? Will he urge that he has a poor squeemish Stomach, that can be fed with nothing but forced Meat? If his Method of Proceeding should once become a general Fashion, adieu to the natural Means of Gratification? We should have no kept Mistresses, no Bagnio's, no Place of Resort for secret *Pleasures*, no fine Clothes, no Money, nor even Necessaries, let us be never so industrious in our Vocation, since we cannot be always twelve or thirteen, nor is it possible to counterfeit at five and twenty, much less at five and forty; and I know many who are now enabled to make their Stock of Beauty hold out even beyond that Date. But to answer his Taste, we must be rotten some Years before we are now deemed ripe, therefore I recommend it to you as my Opinion, and that of my Sisters the Judges, that the Prisoner is guilty of a Crime, which your Verdict will prove to be odious in your Eyes, and that DEATH is the least, as well as the greatest Satisfaction he can make, both to the Prosecutrix and to Society in General, which he has equally injured.

The Jury retired for a few Minutes, and then returned their Verdict Guilty, Death; when the Prisoner was remanded to Prison, and the Court adjourned till next Day at twelve o' Clock.

Wednesday, Past 12 o' Clock.

The Judges being seated with the same Solemnity as the preceeding Day, the Prisoner was brought to the Bar; and Mrs. Justice *Broad-bottom*

bottom address'd herself to him in the following Manner.

S I R,

You have had a fair and impartial Tryal; you have put yourself upon your Country, which has tried and found you guilty, and its now my Office to condemn you: An Office, which I, as a private Subject comply with, with Regret; but as a Judge, I must feel no soft Pangs of Pity for the Guilty, nor Compassion for the Wicked. Hitherto, Sir, you were supposed innocent, and treated in every Respect as such; but now the Case is altered; we must look upon you as guilty, and I hope, Sir, you will look upon yourself in that Light, in Order to prepare yourself for another World. The Action you are now to be condemned for, is not only deemed Criminal by human, but by Divine Appointment: It is no particular Offence against the Government you suffer for; it is no politick Law, contrived to support a tottering State, or screen a wicked Ministry, that has affected your Life: In such a Case you might have smiled at the Solemnity of a Trial, and have gone to a Gibbet as to a Jubilee. No, Sir, it is quite otherwise, it is for a Crime you would have been punished for among the *Hottentots*; a Crime, marked as such, by the Law of Nature, the Divine Law, and the concurring Voice of all Mankind. I would not be thought to exaggerate the Deplorableness of your Case, but I think it the Duty of my Office to take this Occasion to exhort you, not to flatter yourself with the Hopes of Life, or raise delusive Expectations upon

worldly Power and Grandeur, but speedily make your Peace with the Almighty, and repent while you yet may, for there is no Repentance in the Grave, whither you must shortly go; in the mean Time I pronounce and declare it, as the Decree of this Court, that you, *Thomas Grimes*, be carried from hence to the Prison from whence you came, and from thence to the common Place of Execution, there to be hanged by the Neck, till you be dead, dead, dead: And G--d prepare you for a happy Resurrection.

The Court, before they rose, signed a Warrant according to the Tenor of their Commission, for his Execution on the *Wednesday* following, and adjourned for that Day; which Warrant was intimated to the Prisoner that Evening, by the Ordinary and the Sheriff; the Ordinary's Account of his Behaviour, &c. is as follows.



THE

THE
ORDINARY of *Newgate's*
ACCOUNT
OF THE
BEHAVIOUR
OF
THOMAS GRIMES, Esq.
BEFORE
And at the Place of Execution.

WITH THE
Genuine Copy of his last Speech and Dying
Words, which he deliver'd to the Sher-
riffs of *Middlesex*, when the Cart was on
the Point of being drawn from under
him, just before the Reprieve came,

ON *Wednesday* Evening the Sheriff of *Mid-*
dlesex sent for me, and acquainted me that
he had received the Warrant for Mr. *Grimes's*
Execution on that Day Se'nnight, that he believed

he would be so much shock'd at it he did not care to be the Messenger of such disagreeable News, and begg'd of me, as it seem'd more suitable to my Office to introduce it properly to one in his Circumstances, to pay him a Visit and acquaint him with it.

I told Mr. Sheriff the Task would be very disagreeable to me also, but as I was in some Measure bound by the Duty of my Place, I should break the Matter to Mr. *Grimes*, first preparing him for its Reception.

Accordingly I was introduced to the unhappy Gentleman in one of the Cells. It was with some Difficulty he permitted me to wait on him ; he told the Keeper, when he carried in my Name, " that he was surprized I should think of calling on him so soon ; it's time enough, says he when I am going to Execution to be plagued with an impertinent Parson." However, on the Keeper's telling him it was customary for the Ordinary to wait on Persons in his Circumstances immediately after Sentence, and that it would look odd to deny him Access, He said, D—n the Fellow, let him come in, I shall dispatch him quickly." And then I was admitted.

He sat in a very surly Humour, and when I paid him the usual Compliment, he scarce vouchsafed me a Nod. He had been represented to me as a very polite Gentleman, and I was surprized his Circumstances should make so vast
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an Alteration in him as to divest him of the least Vestige of decent Civility. However, as I am used to those kind of sulky Fits in lower Life, I was not deterr'd from doing my Duty.

I acquainted him that I was come according to the Obligation of my Place, to offer him my Assistance in what regarded the Peace of his Soul, since he had so short a Time to live. He took up the last Word *short*, and reply'd, pray Mr. Conscience-Cobler, are you a Conjuror, and have you cast my Nativity, that you can guess how long I have to live: What, I suppose you think because these old wither'd Beldams, at *Charing-Cross*, have pronounced Sentence on me, by Virtue of some ridiculous old Forms of Law, that I must be immediately tuck'd up, and you are come to help me to write my Dying Speech. Not so fast, Sir *Domine*, you get no Bread and Cheese from P—— and C—— for writing damn'd Lies of me this Bout: Did'st ever hear of a Man of my Estate and Figure that was hang'd up for stealing of Maidenheads; if that's all your Business you may be gone: when I am disposed to be hang'd, you shall read the Office; I'll send for you, but till then I beg you will not give yourself the Trouble of visiting me.

I let him run on till he stopp'd of himself, and then calmly reply'd, that I was sorry to find him make so light of so serious a Matter, which if he would give me leave, I could convince him was really so; if not I should leave

him to himself; that Humanity prompted me to the faithful Discharge of my Duty, which if it was not acceptable, should Regret it on his own Account and no other. Come, return'd he, you seem a good natured Fellow, and just bursting with some important Advices which I suppose you have brought me: Therefore sit down, and let us have it, and then I suppose you'll depart in Peace. Sir, reply'd I, my Advice shall be very short, as I know, without any Magick, the utmost Hour of your Life, and consequently that you have no Moments to trifle away: therefore recollect your scattered Senses, take them off from all worldly Objects, turn your Thoughts inward, if you find any Cause to repent, do it speedily and seriously, for now you've no Time to lose. Pray Sir, said he, do you know any thing more certain of the Hour of my Death than myself? Yes Sir, I do, and came here only to prepare you to receive, like a Man, the Intimation of your approaching Fate from the Sheriff, whom I expect every Moment.

He seem'd Thunderstruck, and remain'd Speechless for some Minutes, now and then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven; and after a most melancholy Groan, he cry'd out, Good G-d, is all my Fame, Grandeur and Honour come to this, am I to be really cut short in the Prime of my Days? Is there no Room, no Hope for Mercy?

I was

I was going to reply, when the Sheriff entered; Mr. *Grimes* raised himself as much as his Irons would let him, and received him very politely. The Sheriff seem'd to hesitate, and look'd at me, when he was about to speak, which the Prisoner observing, said, Mr. Sheriff, I partly know your Business, the worthy Clergyman has open'd it as much as my Rudeness would permit him; for which I now ask his Pardon: I see your Uneasiness to discharge your Office, you may do it freely, I am now prepared for the worst. Then the Sheriff acquainted him with the Receipt of the Warrant for his Execution on the *Wednesday* following, and took his Leave immediately. I was about to withdraw likewise, but the Prisoner desired me to stay, and after some short Silence, he asked me if I knew the B—h, the Prosecutor; I told him, I did not; D—n her, says he, it's impossible that she can be so malicious as to see me hang'd;—I must try to mollify her;—that's all my Chance;—but hang her, she's a Woman, and obstinate; I believe I had as good prepare for *Tyburn*.—What is proper for me to read on this Occasion?—I was about to reply, when he interrupted me; come, said he, its eight Days yet to the fatal Hour, we have time enough to think of that when the worst comes to the worst; in the mean time I'll send to my Friends at Court, and so, Reverend Sir, good Night t'ye. I judg'd him a little out of his Senses, by his sudden Starts from one Thought to another, and
thought

thought it better to leave him to recollect himself.

I did not see him all Day on *Thursday*, tho' I attempted it more than once; he was entirely taken up with People of Rank, who I suppose were soliciting a Pardon, or a Compromise with the Prosecutrix. On the *Friday* Afternoon, however, I had Access to him, and found him very chearful. When I came in, he called for a Bottle of Wine, and drank to me with as much Composure as if we had been in a Tavern: He told me, laughing, that he hoped to convince me that neither I, the Sheriff, nor the old Hags at *Charing-Cross*, knew any thing of his Destiny. I endeavoured to caution him against false and delusive Hopes in so critical a Case; that however strong his Assurances of Pardon might be, yet it could do him no Hurt to suppose them capable of being frustrated, and to prepare to make sure of a Pardon in the Court above, which would stand him in stead if he did not go to plead it this Twenty Years, but much more if by any Accident he should be call'd off on *Wednesday* next. But I could work nothing on him, he turn'd all into Banter, and told me he was treating with that Syren the Prosecutrix, that the Affair was almost concluded, and he hoped all would be well by to Morrow.

On *Saturday* he was in the same Disposition, but on *Sunday* a little desponding, tho' not so much as to incline him to think seriously; he seem'd

seem'd, as at the first Conversation, bewilder'd in his Thoughts, and determin'd neither Way.

On *Monday* he was again in high Spirits, and continued so all Forenoon on *Tuesday*; but about Two o'Clock I was sent for in a great Hurry to visit him. I found him in the utmost Agonies of Despair, Rage and Madness; he was melancholly and raving mad by Turns, and till towards Ten at Night, was scarce Rational. It's impossible, and it would be too moving if possible, to represent the Dialogue we had in that Space, let it suffice that he saw all his Sins, and the Crimes he was condemn'd for, in their most frightful Colours, and had not Courage to hope for Mercy or Forgiveness for so much Iniquity. But after he had exhausted the natural Fire and Impetuosity of his Temper, by Rage and Raving, he began to grow calm, and listen more attentively to what I said. He said he had still a Doubt hanging on his Mind, as to the Possibility of Forgiveness for the Rape, a Crime for which in the Circumstances of his Affair, there could be no ample Reparation, and for which he had not made what Reparation was in his Power.

About Twelve o'Clock at Night I left him to take, if possible, some Repose; at least to reflect calmly by himself on the great Work of the next Day. In the Morning, about Seven, I waited on him for the last Time, and found him very calm and sedate. I saw some Papers lying on the Table, which he took up and put
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in his Pocket when I came in. I read Prayers with him, and went thro' the other Parts of religious Worship common on such Occasions, in which he bore a Part with great Devotion and Composure. His Friends and Relations were then admitted, of whom he took a tender and affectionate Adieu. The Parting of some of them drew Tears from my Eyes, and moved me more than any Thing I ever met with. About Nine the Sheriff came to ask if he was ready, he said he would be so in five Minutes, and desired to be left alone; we all retired, and I suppose he employ'd a few Minutes in private Devotion. When he open'd the Door, I could see the Tears starting from his Eyes, which he endeavoured to conceal, and assumed an Air of Calmness, when he desired me to acquaint the Sheriff that he was ready.

He was dress'd in a Suit of Black Cloaths, with Weepers and Black Gloves, and after the Executioner had fix'd the Rope about his Neck in the usual Manner, he was conducted to a Mourning Coach, into which I went with him. The Undertaker and some of his Friends attended in another with a Hearse. Jack *Ketch* went in the Cart, and the Whole was escorted by a Party of the Guards, and all the Constables on Duty.

He spoke little from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, but sigh'd much, and frequently said, Oh! what must my Wife and Children suffer on Account of this reproachful Day.

When

When the Coach arrived at *Tyburn*, he stepp'd out of it, call'd to Mr. ——— his Steward, gave him some Papers, and then beckon'd to the Sheriff, to whom he gave, when he came up to him, the Paper annex'd, and desired it might be made Publick: Then turning to his Friends, who stood Motionless with Grief, some on the Cart and some about it, he bid them a final Farewel, and desired the Executioner to move the Cart off, as soon as he pull'd the Cap over his Face, which his Valet had put on him when he left the Coach.

He then lifted up his Eyes, and looked wistfully towards the Sun, which then shone bright, saying, I must never see thee more; but I shall soon be acquainted with a much brighter Luminary, or be overwhelm'd in eternal Darknesh. He then utter'd some short Ejaculations, and was about to pull down his Cap, when we were all surpris'd with a tumultuous Cry amongst the Mob of a *Reprieve! a Reprieve!*

The Sheriff then order'd the Executioner not to proceed without Orders, and went himself towards that Corner from whence the Cry begun; during which time Mr. *Grimes's* Face was agitated with a Thousand Passions: he could not utter a Word; and I am convinced at that Period, he knew not what he thought; his Ideas must change and return so quick

quick upon him, they could leave no Traces behind.

But all clear'd up, when the Sheriff came galloping, and showing him a Reprieve sign'd by Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom*. He read it, and Joy was visible in his Countenance, saying, Life is sweet, I did not know the Value of it till I was about to lose it; had the Conditions been offer'd a Fortnight ago, I think I should have rejected them; but now I know almost what it is to die, I accept of them, ignominious as they are; you may perform the Ceremony when you please, that the Mob may not have a Holliday in vain.

The Sheriff bow'd and rode off, saying he would return in a few Minutes. We, that heard the last Words about the Conditions and Ceremony, were much at a Loss what to make of it, but durst not ask Mr. *Grimes*, who stood in the Cart with a sullen kind of Joy in his Countenance.

However, we were soon put out of Pain by the Appearance of another Coach, which came up with the Sheriff, and was brought close to the Cart, and out of it was carried by two of the Constables, the exact Effigy of Mr. *Grimes* in Wax, dress'd after the same Manner.

This Figure was placed in the Cart, the Rope put about the Neck of it, the real Mr.

Mr. *Grimes* stood behind it; and the Coach which brought it, and concealed the whole Scene from the greatest Part of the Spectators, being drawn away, the Signal was given, and the Cart was drawn off with the real Mr. *Grimes* in it, but left the Effigy hanging on the Tree; which dreadfully surprised the Mob, who were full before of a Reprieve, and now saw, as they thought, Mr. *Grimes* hanging before them.

The Women shrieked, the Pidgeons were let fly, and at least nine Parts out of Ten of all that were there, would have made an Affidavit that they really saw Mr. *Grimes* hang'd, and hardly could they be convinced, even when the Figure was cut down and the Parts divided amongst them.

In the mean Time Mr. *Grimes* himself went into a Hackney Coach, and slipt away unobserved by any but his Friends, and set out in two Hours for *Bath*, to recover the Fright.

He only stopt at *Whitehall* to thank his Friends for the Change of his Sentence, they having had compromised the Affair with the Prosecutrix, who went along with them to the Court then sitting at *Charing-Cross*, and prevailed on the Worshipful Mrs. Justice *Broadbottom*, Mrs. Justice *Firebrand*, and Mrs. Baron *Riggle-rump*, to change the Sentence to hanging in Effigy in the Manner we have related, and
that

that his Picture should be affix'd for a Year and a Day on all the Pissing Posts in Town, with his Crime * writ in large legible Characters underneath, all which was punctually executed.

* See Mrs. *Phillips's* Apology, No. I.



A True

A True

C O P Y

OF THE

P A P E R

Deliver'd by

Mr. *G R I M E S*

TO THE

S H E R I F F

A T T H E

Place of EXECUTION, when
the Cart was on the Point of
being drawn away.

IT S usually expected that Persons in
my Circumstances they should say some-
thing to the Spectators of their last Mo-
ments. I'm not certain how much my
D Mind

Mind may be disposed to give them that Satisfaction when I come to the Place of Execution, therefore chuse to commit my Thoughts to writing, that I may be the better understood, and to prevent all Forgeries common on such Occasions.

The Time allotted me for Preparation by the Court was short, but the Time I really employ'd in that important Concern was much shorter, so that my Thoughts at best must be confused; for alas, both before the Tryal, and most of the Time since the Tryal, I was more busied about Life than Death. I flattered myself that Money, Power, Pomp, Titles and Friends, would screen me from the Attacks of human Justice, and disappoint the Sentence, and banish'd from my disturbed Mind the least Thought tending to my everlasting Happiness, or making up that long Account, for which I must shortly Answer. And when I came in the latter Hours of my Confinement to think seriously upon Death, I found the love of Life, and the bewitching Pleasure of the gay World had taken such deep Root in my false Heart, that I could scarce reconcile myself to the Thoughts of my approaching End with any Degree of manly Calmness. The Birth, the Titles, the Rank I held among Mankind, the Riches I possess'd, the Relations I claim'd Kindred to, in all which I prided myself so much, and built so strongly on their Assistance, were now as so many Scorpions to sting my awakened Conscience, and incessantly

ly reminding me, how basely I had prostituted the many noble Advantages I enjoy'd above the Bulk of Mankind. The Scandal I had brought upon the high Dignity I unworthily bore, the Blot upon the unfully'd Honours of a long Train of Ancestors, and the indelible Stain upon my Family, aggravated my Crimes beyond Mortal Patience, and gave me a Foretaste of more than half the damn'd can suffer; for I have sinn'd monstrously, I have acted not only against the known and revealed Will of my Maker, against the promulgated and publick Laws of my own Country, against the Law of Nature, and of Nations, but against the Light and Dictates of my own Conscience. My Crime was no sudden Gust of youthful Passion, no momentary Folly, but deliberate, and premeditated. I was Months contriving the Ruin of the Prosecutrix, and in that Time stifled a thousand kind Warnings of my Danger from within. My Conscience check'd me in the Pursuit, and never left representing the horrible Wickedness of my Crime, even in the last Scene of Action, but I was deaf to its calls, and sinn'd in spite of Conviction.

Its not her Ruin alone which clogs my Soul in its natural Flight to the Regions of peaceful Bliss, but the Ruin, the Infamy, the Sins and Folly of many others, are perpetually present to my despairing Mind, and charging me to answer at the great Tribunal for all their Misfortunes. Pray for me dear Christians, pray for Peace to my Mind in my last Moments, and
 Mercy

Mercy to my poor Soul, for I am so loaded with Guilt and Infamy, I dare scarce hope for it.

I own the Justice of my Sentence, the impartiality of my worthy Judges, the Candour of the Jury, and only hope Mankind will be so generous as not to load my poor Wife and Children with the Infamy of my Conduct. I pray my Prosecutrix to carry her Revenge no farther than the Grave, and to join with all pious Christians in praying for a happy Resurrection to me; and I beg that all young Gentlemen may take Warning from my dismal and untimely End, and shun Vice and Folly of every kind; for if their Rank screens them in some Cases from human Justice, yet Woe, Woe, Woe be to them; there is a Judgment to come, where all Distinctions are levell'd, where the Poor and Rich have the same Tryal, and suffer for the Deeds done in the Body, without Regard to the vain Title, Pomp and Grandeur, which blunts the Sword of Justice here, and turn its Edge only against poor petty Villains, whose Crimes in Comparison of mine are nothing.

The L--d be merciful to my Soul.

THOMAS GRIMES.

F I N I S.